

Arc. Good morrow noble kinsman,

Pal. I have put you
To too much paines Sir.

Arc. That too much faire Cosen,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.

Pal. Would you were so in all Sir; I could wish ye
As kinde a kinsman, as you force me finde
A beneficiall foe, that my embraces
Might thanke ye, not my blowes.

Arc. I shall thinke either
Well done, a noble recompence.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these faire termes, and you show
More then a Mistris to me, no more anger
As you love any thing that's honourable;
We were not bred to talke man, when we are arm'd
And both upon our guards, then let our fury
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,
And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty
Truely pertaines (without obbraidings, scornes,
Dispisings of our persons, and such powtings
Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be seene
And quickly, yours, or mine: wilt please you arme Sir,
Or if you feele your selfe not fitting yet
And furnisht with your old strength, ile stay Cosen
And ev'ry day discourse you into health,
As I am spard, your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not saide I lov'd her
Though I had dide; But loving such a Lady
And justifying my Love, I must not fly from't.

Pal. *Arcite*, thou art so brave an enemy
That no man but thy Cosen's fit to kill thee,
I am well, and lusty, choose your Armes.

Arc. Choose you Sir.

Pal. Wilt thou excede in all, or do'st thou doe it
To make me spare thee?

Arc. If you thinke so Cosen,
You are deceived, for as I am a Soldier.

I will not spare you.

Pal. That's well said.

Arc. You'll finde it

Pal. Then as I am an honest man and love,
With all the justice of affection
Ile pay thee soundly: This ile take.

Arc. That's mine then,
Ile arme you first.

Pal. Do: pray thee tell me Cosen,
Where gotst thou this good Armour.

Arc. Tis the Dukes,
And to say true, I stole it; doe I pinch you?

Pal. Noe.

Arc. Is't not too heavie?

Pal. I have worne a lighter,
But I shall make it serve.

Arc. Ile buckl't close.

Pal. By any meanes.

Arc. You care not for a Grand guard?

Pal. No, no, wee'l use no horses, I perceave
You would faine be at that Fight.

Arc. I am indifferent.

Pal. Faith so am I: good Cosen, thrust the buckie
Through far enough.

Arc. I warrant you.

Pal. My Caske now.

Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?

Pal. We shall be the nimble.

Arc. But use your Gauntlets though; those are o'ch leaft,
Prethee take mine good Cosen.

Pal. Thanke you *Arcite*.

How doe I looke, am I false much away?

Arc. Faith very little; love has usd you kindly.

Pal. Ile warrant thee, Ile strike home.

Arc. Doe, and spare not;
Ile give you cause sweet Cosen.

Pal. Now to you Sir,
Me thinkes this Armo'rs very like that, *Arcite*.